

The teacher said, "Dorothy Dear, I am afraid you are not doing as well as you can!"

So Dorothy Dear tried harder, and the teacher asked, "Is this the best you can do?"

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it is isn't," answered Dorothy Dear.

But you must tell me," said the teacher, very much annoyed. "Did you write as well as you can?"

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," answered Dorothy Dear again.

Remain after school!" said the teacher then with some impatience; and again poor little Dorothy Dear went home in tears from the school house.

Then Dorothy's mother made a third visit to the school house, and after that Dorothy Dear kept true to her truthful little heart, and her teacher did not misunderstand her.

A new year came, and Dorothy Dear was in the fourth grade. The new work was composition. As the fourth-grade teacher, who was the third-grade teacher promoted, read Dorothy Dear's work, she said with a little smile on her face, "I guess you did your very best this time."

And Dorothy Dear answered, quietly and respectfully and truthfully, "Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't."

But this time the teacher understood.—Little Folks.

### GRANDMA'S LONG SCHOOL NAP.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Claire ran in from school, eager and smiling.

"Something awfully funny happened today," she said. "Jeannie Pardee went fast asleep, and Miss Winthrop had to wake her up!"

"When I got sleepy," said grandma, "though I guess I wasn't quite so big as you, they put me to bed."

"But not in school?" cried Claire.

"Certainly. That's what I mean," replied grandma.

"A bed—right in school?" squealed Claire, laughing. "Why, how funny!"

"It would seem so now, but children went to school younger than they do nowadays, and the little ones needed naps. So there was a bed in the corner of the big entry—just a small mattress on the floor, with a bed-quilt or comfortable for covering in cold weather. I don't believe I ever told you about the time I shall always remember"—and grandma laughed softly to herself.

"Oh, please tell me!" pleaded Claire. "Is it about going to bed in school?"

"Yes. I recollect I was studying my spelling lesson, and grew drowsy, so the teacher said I'd better have a nap. I tumbled down in the corner and pulled the comfortable all up around my head, it was so cold. In a minute I was fast asleep. It happened that the teacher was sent for to come home early, because some one of the family was sick. So she let out school in a hurry, and nobody thought of me, down in the dark corner of the entry. When I woke up the moon was shining in at the window, though it was still early, scarcely past supper time."

"Oh, weren't you afraid?" gasped Claire.

"No, I don't remember that I was. I think I was a little bewildered at first, and when I found the door

was locked I recollect that I thought for a minute that I'd have to stay there till somebody came. But then I thought of the window, and it was an easy matter to go out that way, for they were not far from the ground. My father and mother supposed I had gone over to Aunt Betsey's, as I often did, and that she had kept me to supper, so nobody had worried a bit about me. The teacher felt very mortified to think she had forgotten me, and I don't believe she ever locked anybody in the school house again."

### HOW THE PUPPIES WERE NAMED.

(Louise M. Oglevee, in Sunday School Times.)

Princess and her four puppies were to go the next day to the dog show, and Uncle Fred felt sure that they would win a prize, but the puppies had no names, and he declared that they must have before they went.

"I'll give a dollar to anybody that will find me four good names," he said, and although everybody had been suggesting names for a week, they all fell to thinking and suggesting harder than ever, but none of the names suited him.

Mollie had come over that afternoon to take care of the baby. She could earn a dime in that way, and to Mollie a dime was a great deal. It meant that she could have a new long pencil for school the next day and a new five-cent tablet, and that she would not have to go to Sunday school next time without a penny as she often did when she had to depend upon her father to give her one.

"I should think you'd be trying awfully hard to think of names and to get that dollar," she said to Janet who had just came out of the house with her music-roll, ready to go for her music-lesson.

"I am trying," said Janet. "Why don't you try, too?"

Mollie shook her head. "I've been trying, but I can't think of even one good one," she said. Mollie was ten, and she had never had a dollar or a half-dollar or even a quarter.

Up and down, up and down she wheeled baby in his go-cart until he grew tired. Then, to amuse him, she sat down and began to count the buttons on his jacket as the children did at school: "Silk, satin, calico, rags. Silk, satin, calico, rags." Baby laughed, so she kept on saying it over and over.

Presently Uncle Fred came out. "Silk, satin, calico, rags," Mollie was repeating.

"Why don't you ask me how I'd like those names for my puppies?" he asked suddenly.

"I didn't know they were puppies' names," said Mollie timidly.

"I didn't either," laughed Uncle Fred, "but they'll be the puppies' names right away if you say so, and I'll give you the prize."

"Oh, my!" and "Oh, thank you!" was all Mollie could say as the dollar was put into her hand, and a few minutes later Uncle Fred said to Princess:

"I'll be happy to have you win a prize tomorrow, but I'd rather make a child look as happy as Mollie did just now than to win the biggest prize in the world."

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no successes.